

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



EVELYN HAS A MYSTERIOUS VISIT FROM OLD JUG.

THE FOSTER-BROTHERS OF DOON.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

CHAPTER XIII.—A MESSAGE—WITH SPEED.

It was nothing new that Ireland should be disturbed; the novelty and the marvel would rather have been her quiescence. Since James II fled from the field of the Boyne, the Irish people, who had espoused his cause, had given no peace to the successors of his conqueror. Religious antagonism intensified national antipathy. James III was upheld by the Romish bishops and priests of Ireland, mainly because the Protestant and the Saxons

upheld George II. When Jacobitism died out, through the incapability of its head, another rebel spirit, sounding in name so like it, yet so different—Jacobinism—crept in. France was the land of desire for multitudes of Irish Roman Catholics; the orient whence their sun of liberty was to rise. In short, a chain of insurrections ran through Irish history during all centuries since 1172; of which the Defenders, who rioted at present, formed the latest link.

They were particularly turbulent during this summer of 1793. Colonel Butler, who remembered the outburst of the Whiteboys in 1759, and all sorts of minor rebel-

lions every two or three years since, could not recall a time of equal disturbance. The province of Connaught seethed in a perpetual ferment. Unquiet lives must those Protestants have had who dwelt therein; the houses of such, in the country parts, were never safe from outrage. Burglary for the sake of fire-arms occurred most nights, notwithstanding the awful penalty of death hanging over the heads of all to whom the crime should be brought home. But it is singular proof of the inefficacy of such Draconian laws to check offences, that while the statute-book of Britain was full of the severest punishments, the crimes sought to be repressed by them were considerably more rife than since a milder legislation has prevailed.

The northern counties were also agitated. Indeed, it was there this particular form of disturbance had originated; and in no matter more important than a personal fight. Presbyterians and Romanists took opposite sides; and soon, from an individual grudge, sprung the factions of the "Peep o' Day Boys," and "Defenders." The former were so called because they visited the houses of the latter at daybreak to disarm them.

All parties were wrong: all parties committed outrages. The intemperance of political feeling at the period can scarcely be exaggerated. The Irish House of Commons was an arena for personalities such as would hardly be permitted in a third-rate debating club of our day; and the insults of the evening were avenged or stoned on the duelling-ground next morning. From the viceregal court at the Castle, down to the knot of peasants in the whisky-shop, party-feeling split the nation into animosities the most violent.

Even social gatherings took a political complexion. Colonel Butler's dianer parties became assemblies of partisans, of magistrates, more than meetings of friends. Never had these entertainments been what too often such degenerated into elsewhere—bacchanalian orgies. For it was a period when hard drinking was considered a part of the education of a gentleman; and to give his guests the means of intoxication, nay, to urge them to it, was one of the duties of a hospitable host. But the master of Doon Castle had too much innate refinement for this.

"No," said the colonel pushing back his ruby wine-glass; "I don't remember any time like it. North, south, west, Ireland is in a flame."

"Shoot 'em all," broke in Mr. Waddell, somewhat irrelevantly, while he re-filled his tumbler with claret. "Shoot 'em all. Bring in martial law. That's the only cure, in my opinion."

"Our county has been pretty quiet as yet," observed a long thin gentleman opposite, who was sipping punch. "Wexford has not had any open disturbance; I believe there are fewer troops here."

"If not yet, sir, depend upon it the disturbance is to come," rejoined a small ruddy magistrate, who engrafted on a cheery demeanour the inconsistency of Cassandra's prophetic propensities. "Depend upon it, sir. I am certain they are marching about our fields and roads every night. What was brought to me this very day? A Defender, sir; a fellow who hardly took the trouble of denying the charge; and what should be found in his pocket, sir? Nothing less than the oath."

He rummaged in his own pockets, and drew forth a blotted and soiled piece of paper, written over in the roundest of round hands, with words which were occasionally ill-spelled, and utterly without punctuation.

"The oath, sir, in all its malignity and treason." He rose to the occasion by getting upon his feet in order to read it aloud, with explanatory interpolations of his own.

"The beginning is harmless enough," quoth he: "any of you gentlemen might bind yourselves thereby, in perfect good faith and loyalty:—I do swear of my good will and consent to be true to his Majesty King George III." Now, just observe the artfulness of that commencement. I would wager my best hunting to a tenpenny nail that it has drawn in many a loyal fellow who would shrink from open treason. But after it comes the paragraph with the sting. "I will be true while under the same government!"

The reader paused and glanced round. Several of his hearers endeavoured to extract the sedition from this apparently harmless sentence, and failed. Mr. Waddell was one of these; nevertheless, he said aloud, "Atrocious!" with his eye on the colonel.

"I do not quite perceive," began that gentleman, blandly.

"Not perceive the villainous ambiguity, sir? I don't speak without book, sir, without competent authority. The meaning is, that if the government of his most gracious Majesty were subverted to-morrow morning, they would be no longer under it, of course, and no longer bound to support it. Hence it is clear that these Defenders propose first to compass the overthrow of the government of his most gracious Majesty, and as soon as that is done, they are discharged from this insidious oath. Gentlemen, could treason go farther?"

A murmur passed among the listeners.

"Would you oblige me with a sight of that document?" asked Colonel Butler, when the reader folded it up, and sat himself down. The following words additional were in it:—

"I swear to be true, aiding and abetting, to every true brother; and in every form and article, from the first foundation in 1790, and every amendment hitherto. I will be obedient to my committees, superior commanders and officers, in all lawful proceedings."

The reference to 1790 meant the political reconstruction of the secret society, by those who were seeking to amalgamate it with the United Irishmen, and work both for treasonable purposes. This was the oath of which Myles Furlong had been made a dispenser, in the district of Doon, and to which he had proved most faithful.

"Shoot 'em all," said Mr. Waddell. "We won't be safe in our beds, shortly. We must have martial law." Whether he imagined that would effect his desired preventive measure of a universal fusillade, he did not declare.

"It seems to me," began Captain Gerald, in his slow, easy tones, "that too much stress is laid on all this. The peasantry must be plotting and scheming: it seems a necessity of their very existence—an outlet for Celtic energies, if you find no better work for them. Possibly they may be the tools of men in higher places."

"Possibly?" repeated the ruddy magistrate. "It is demonstrated."

"Very well," rejoined Captain Gerald. "The State is too strong for them. The government can afford to smile at the riotous acts of a few wretched outlaws, who go about burning and robbing houses. Efficient police ought to put a stop to it."

"I should think," said his father—who was never more easily offended than by an intimation that he over-rated the popular disturbance—"when these few wretched outlaws, as you call them, proceed to such lengths as the utter destruction of Mr. Tenison's splendid mansion, Coalville, in spite of the military, it is time that they should be honoured with some notice."

"Six thousand Defenders present there!" remarked the ruddy magistrate. "A small army!"

"And they hold regular reviews, midnight parades, and drills, in the county Derry," adjointed the colonel; "wearing green cockades as a military badge."

The captain, who had been for some time in a real regiment of the line, before taking his present commission in the militia, shrugged his shoulders, with all a soldier's contempt for undisciplined mobs. The evidence of their numbers and their violence was unquestionable: but he despised them none the less.

Some stir was heard at the door of the dining-room.

"You can't come in," said the suppressed voice of old Connor. "For what would I let you be after disturbing the gentlemin over their wine?"

"But I was charged to give this into the colonel's own hand; an' I daren't but do it," said the envoy. "An' it's news that won't wait, moreover, an' they mightn't be fit for it in another hour;" and he made a significant gesture.

Without more ado, he pushed aside old Connor, and entered, splashed almost from head to foot, as one who had ridden far and long through miry roads. Making the military salute, he handed a packet to the master of the house. Then glancing round, and perceiving the ruddy little magistrate, he produced a similar packet for him; glancing still further, and perceiving Mr. Waddell, he paid him the same attention.

"If you want any more magistrates," observed Captain Gerald, smiling, "you will find Doctor Kavanagh in the garden, I believe."

The orderly bowed his acknowledgment for the information, and withdrew in great gravity. The rector had been sauntering by the Narrow-water with Evelyn, and helping her to tend her flowers at even-tide. For though the season was July, sundry particular pets required to be covered at sun-down, and sundry others to be watered; and Evelyn nurtured her choicest plants herself, without a gardener's intervention.

"Poor disturbed Ireland!" she said, in answer to something spoken by her friend, "how comes it that of all corners of the earth, there never can be peace here?"

"Dear Miss Evelyn," was his reply, "I have my own thought about that: I believe it to be the religion, or rather the superstition of the people. They own an earthly allegiance higher than that to the king—to the pope; and as he orders, through all the ramifications of the Romish hierarchy, they must obey. Whenever a rebellion breaks out in Ireland—I mean a professed rebellion—you will find Romish priests largely implicated."

"A rebellion like 1641! Oh, Doctor Kavanagh, don't speak of anything so awful!" Evelyn grew pale.

"My dear, my not speaking of it does not lessen its possibility," argued the rector; "but I am sorry to have alarmed you." A step on the gravel made him turn round, and the envoy handed him his missive.

The Defenders had risen in the country. Myles Furlong and the mysterious farrier had been sowing a seed all the spring, which now brought forth disastrous fruits. A few miles away, they were assembled in large numbers near Enniscorthy, threatening to march upon Wexford itself. All accessible magistrates were summoned to help in the maintenance of law and order.

"I am a man of peace," observed Doctor Kavanagh, folding up his paper, "and my place is among my flock. So I shall remain with you, Miss Evelyn, whoever goes; but I must speak with Colonel Butler." He left the garden.

Evelyn was surprised at her own calmness. When we are in the midst of a crisis, and involved in great issues, there is often an unwonted firmness or bluntness of

feeling. She herself marvelled that she had so little fear, and so little anxiousness. Yet there was no conscious relying upon Divine care, such as had sometimes sustained her when the danger was more distant. Evelyn's faith was never very strong: she had it more as a doctrine than an experience; as a knowledge of the head rather than a confidence of the heart. Little comfort attended it in such degree.

She had often thought that whenever an outbreak did really occur among the hitherto peaceful and prosperous population of their county, she would be greatly terrified, frightened beyond bearing. And now that it had actually come, her womanly nervousness had disappeared. She helped in all her father's arrangements, listened to his injunctions, received his parting blessing, and saw him and Gerald ride away without even a tear in her eyes.

"Musha, but it's fairly unnatural," said old Connor, who had been watching her with affectionate solicitude. "Only why should I doubt the spirit of the Butlers? Sure there was kings an' queens as thick as blackberries among 'em long ago, as I've heered tell; an' she has a thrife of their pluck, in coarse. Miss Evelyn asthore," he added aloud, breaking in on her reverie, "it's ourselves that'll take care o' ye while the masther's away; an' don't be afear'd for half-a-minit."

"Thank you, Connor," she answered, turning round to the aged retainer, with a slight tremble on her lip. She could not trust herself to speak more just then; but as she passed into the house, heard him assuring her that "byne-bye all the tintents would be up, horse an' fut, to take care of their darlin' young lady, an' a dale betther they'd do it than them half-dozen fencibles the masther had left in charge; for hearts were sthroner nor swords, any day." To which last assertion Evelyn could fully subscribe.

But the drops of sympathy had made her cup to overflow, and quite destroyed her factitious composure for that time.

CHAPTER XIV.—"ROARING PEG" AND THE BANSHEE.

WHEN the rector returned from his house, whither he had gone to make some arrangements for his absence, he found Evelyn sitting in her peculiar nook of the picture gallery, a bay window which looked over the Narrow-water and the fair demesne beyond, now clouded with the shades of gathering night—so far as night ever deepens in our northern midsummer. A pale golden radiance yet suffused the edge of the heavens over the distant woods, bearing afloat, as a silver shalllop, the young crescent moon. At this beautiful object Evelyn was gazing, her breast only just stilled from sobs, her eyelashes yet wet with tears. Before her, on a small inlaid table, a Bible was open, the page lit by a massive pair of silver candlesticks, supporting heavy wax-lights.

"Well, dear Miss Eva," after the first greetings—"and have you found anything here?" laying his hand on the open book.

"Nothing that I did not know before," was the somewhat pettish answer; "I hear of people getting strength and comfort from the Bible; I don't find any, though I have tried with my whole heart; all the verses fall so flat, they are too familiar to impress me."

The old clergyman looked at her with sadness in his face. "I am sorry to hear it," he said: "for one of the surest signs of conversion to God is a keen relish for his word. Yet I will find you a verse, Miss Evelyn, which seems to me to convey what you want just now." He lifted over the heavy broad leaves into the book of Psalms, and read—

"Surely he shall not be moved for ever: the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

"He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."

"His heart is established, he shall not be afraid."

Evelyn's eyes glistened gratefully. "You succeeded in finding words that were indeed seasonable," she said, "some that are like balm. I wonder whether people now-a-days can have that fixedness of heart, that trust in the Lord; for, oh, dear Doctor Kavanagh, I am sorely afraid of evil tidings."

The conversation that followed was often looked back upon by Evelyn as a sort of era in her heart life. Nothing like trouble for preparing the soul to feel its need of the Almighty Friend!

While they talked in that recess of the long gallery, a general barricading and fortifying went on about the castle, according to orders left by the colonel, and executed by Bodkin his bailiff. All the lower windows were barred strongly, all the doors secured, as for a siege, with the exception of the back entrance, which had double guards. A sentry paced by the Narrow-water, and another on the gravel drive in front. An ancient piece of ordnance mounted on the roof of a turret, with its power to do hurt—except to those who should have the temerity to discharge it—was trifling, had its old carriage furbished up, and its old body filled with powder and a rusty ball, and its mouth was thrust out beyond an embrasure in the parapet, just in a position to cover accurately and blow to bits a fine ash tree near the edge of the gravel. "Roaring Peg" was a famous personage in certain old annals of the castle.

"Troth, an' I've a mind to frighten the croppies wid a blaze of her tongue," quoth Bodkin, looking affectionately at the weather-beaten article.

"Do, sir, do, sir, to be sure; why shouldn't yer honour do it, or anything else yer honour likes?" said one of his followers. For this parasite was no exception to the laws of nature, but owned his minor parasites likewise.

But Mr. Bodkin had his doubts as to the safety of venturing on such a liberty with "Roaring Peg," and yet he wished to test her powers.

"Fire her yerself, Martin Dempsey," was his reply. "I'll light the match for ye, an' ye'll put it to the touch-hole."

"What wud the master say to wastin' so much powder? Musha thin, but I'd fairly confess I'd be in dhrift of the master," said Martin, stuffing his hands into the ragged pockets of his small-clothes, and not willing to own to his far greater fear of the decrepit cannon.

"Look here, Martin," said Bodkin, in a suppressed voice; "I know you were in the barn that night; didn't I hear the farrier mintion yer name? An' if you have a grain o' sinse in the wide world, ye won't anger me widout knowin' for what!"

Adjured by this significant hint, Mr. Dempsey consented to draw one hand out of his pocket, and essay the touch-hole with the match. Lingeringly and hesitatingly, and finally with a sudden thrust of the dangerous thing he held in his fingers, and the valiant Martin flung himself on the ground, while Mr. Bodkin's head disappeared below the little trapdoor out of which it had been looking. A second, two seconds, three seconds, but no explosion. Martin and the bailiff raised themselves cautiously.

"I'd take my 'davit I did it all right, anyhow," said Martin. "An' sure maybe it fired 'athout our knowin' it, Misther Bodkin!"

"You omadhaun! 'twould make a noise fit to split your head off," was the courteous rejoinder. "No: there's

something or other wrong;" and Bodkin gathered up his limbs to step upon the roof. The remaining followers crowded after him.

Suffice it to say, that Martin tried once more, in a rather bolder manner; and the bailiff himself, encouraged by failure, tried; but "Roaring Peg" remained unmoved by all their blandishments, and held her peace pertinaciously.

"She won't fire on anythin' but the croppies," said Bodkin. "That's it. She won't waste her breath unless she knows for why, and she thinks we're a-makin' game of her now, th' ould lady." Thus would he maintain the prestige of "Roaring Peg."

Nevertheless, her dumbness remained perfectly inexplicable to him; till some days subsequently, that he brought Captain Gerald on the battery (as the turret-top was magniloquently termed) to investigate the cause.

"Draw the charge," briefly commanded that gentleman; and thereupon it was seen that the rusty ball had been put in first, and the powder subsequently.

When the bailiff came that night to blockade the picture gallery, he was, as usual, most obsequious. "I humbly crave yer pardin, Miss Butler," with a bow almost to the ground; "but I'm obleeged to intrude, owin' to the obeydience of yer honourable father, the colonel, who tould me, an' left it in strict charge, that I was to bar every window of the Big House when the sun begins to dhrop, every whole evenin' till his honour come back.—Save us an' be about us, but what's that?"

He had been interrupted by a prolonged wail outside the house, under the windows; whereupon he and all his followers crossed themselves, with muttered ejaculations of fright and suspicion.

"It's the banshee—it's nothin' else, but the Butlers' banshee! Oh vo, vo! but somethin' ll happen the master, or the captain, or some of the family! Saint Joseph, an' Saint Bridget, and Saint Fin Bar, be about us this night!"

Evelyn was startled. She well knew the legend of the banshee fairy, supposed to be attached to the family, and supposed to predict every important event in it—particularly every misfortune. But she had never lent such stories the least credence since she was a child; yet now, with her nerves all unstrung by previous alarms, she was conscious of a disagreeable tingling and shrinking through her frame, very like fear.

"Some trick, some trick," said Doctor Kavanagh, setting back his chair with his unoccupied hand, for Evelyn clung to the other. "My dear young lady, don't be terrified: this is some"—he was very near uttering the unclerical word "rascally"—"this is some cowardly trick."

"An' it's a-callin' the young mistress—listen!" The crossing with their thumbs on brow and breast proceeded with redoubled vigour. "Oh, Miss Eva asthore, don't go to the window," cried out old Connor; "the banshee never appears but to them as is doomed to die."

But Evelyn had recognised the voice, and raised the heavy sash in a trice. "Nurse, nurse, is it you?" On hearing which, Mr. Bodkin slipped from the apartment, and crossed himself no more.

"To be sure it is, my lady: and they wouldn't let me in to see yous—meself and little Una—until I thought if yer own self knew I was here, you wouldn't shut out ould Jug."

"Admit her," said Miss Butler, turning round. "This is some more of Bodkin's work, I suppose. But that cry did frighten me."

She lay for some minutes in an arm-chair with her hand pressed on her beating heart, trying to quiet it

and her hurried breathing. The rector, the image of concern, stood by with a huge goblet of water, which he had got from some attendant.

"I am a silly child," Evelyn said, fetching a long sigh at last;—"I will try just to think of that blessed verse—'He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; for'"—

"His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord," added the rector, when she hesitated. "Now stay quiet, dear Miss Evelyn; I will see this woman, and learn what she wants."

"Oh, please"—her hand was on his arm as he turned—"I would like to see old Jug also. You know she is Gerald's nurse. Let us have her into this room. May I not?"

After some demur, the rector acquiesced; and the woman was sent for. She came in at the far entrance of the gallery through the dimness that hangs about the distances of an ill-lighted room; very softly, because she had taken off her shoes, or "brogues," as the poor always did at the door of a grand house; and carrying little Una in her arms. With many curseyings she approached.

"Oh nurse, you gave me such a fright! my heart is throbbing still. Why, they all thought you were the banshee."

"Well, Miss Eva, though I do make a very purty cry, an' am the best keener in the barony," answered the old dame, evidently flattered at the misconception; "still I'm not so good all out as the Butlers' banshee. I heard it once, whin yer mamma—the heavens be her bed!—was in her last sickness."

"Come, come," said the rector, who had no indulgence for legendary superstitions, "we will take all that for granted, Mrs. Furlong. The thing now is, what do you want with Miss Butler?"

"Why, thin, I'll take lave to tell herself that, an' nobody else; not manin' no offence to yer reverence," was the reply. "Miss Eva knows me since she was born, about the house like an ould spaniel dog; an' proud I'd be to be that to Misther Gerald, if I could; an' it's to do the family good and not harm, I'm come this night. Miss Evie, will you keep little Una for two or three days, or maybe longer, while I go a journey?"

The fair child clung with both arms round her grandmother's neck when she heard the proposition.

"A journey, nurse!—where's her father?" asked Evelyn.

"Well, mavourneen, he isn't at home, an' I don't know rightly where he is, and that's the thrue thruth for yous; an' that *onshuch* of a Freney isn't fit to have the care of a cat. An' what's more, Miss Evie," dropping her voice—"I hear ye've great barrin' and barricadin' of the house this night: an' I've to say that little Una will be more to ye nor a hundher of fencibles an' militia, if ye just give the child in charge to yer own maid, an' keeps her somewhere near yerself, for only a few days, Miss Evie. An' I could be watchin', watchin' for ye outside."

The extraordinary earnestness of the old woman, working upon Evelyn's natural love to children, won her almost immediate assent. Now Spitfire was rattling the silver chain and hoop in the background with incessant restlessness. Una's attention was presently riveted by the monkey's gambols, and old Jug stole away.

A PEEP INTO A COUNTY COURT PRISON.*

THE first thing that strikes us is the very small number of prisoners committed in proportion to the vast amount

of business transacted at the county courts, and the tens of thousands of summonses taken out.

The particular prison which we take as an illustration of the class (and which we will call Wardell Gaol), is supplied from a tract of country embracing a population of a million and a half; and yet the number passing through this prison in a year does not average more than six hundred.

In one of the courts sending prisoners to Wardell Gaol, the number of cases dealt with in the year 1862 was 7000; the number of judgment summonses—the section of county court business with which the prison is connected—was 687; the warrants issued were 90; but the number actually committed to prison was only 53. Assuming—and we have grounds for the assumption—that this court presents a fair representation of all the courts from which Wardell Gaol is supplied, the county court cases in the Wardell district will be about 80,000 annually; the judgment summonses 7800, and the warrants, in round numbers, 1000; while the commitments are but 600, or one prisoner for every 133 cases, and every 13 judgment summonses, and 3 prisoners for every 5 warrants.

This result very clearly demonstrates the successful working of the county court. Only one in thirteen served with a judgment summons is committed to prison, because the remaining twelve adopt the alternative of paying in obedience to the judge's order, and the creditor gets his debt, while the county rates are saved prison expenses. The secret of this successful working consists in the fact that the imprisonment effects no difference in the debtor's liabilities. A man may be committed repeatedly for the same debt. The writer knows a man who was sent to Wardell Gaol three times for one debt in the course of about fifteen months.

The county courts in the Wardell district superseded the Court of Requests about sixteen years ago. Under that court the debtor's liability was discharged when he had served his term of imprisonment, and, as a matter of course, the committals were far more numerous than they now are. The Wardell Gaol district was at that time confined to a portion of country comprising only one-fifth part of the population which its present district embraces; but the inmates, instead of being only one-fifth their present number, were more than double that number, or in the proportion of twelve to five. Their average is now a little over twenty-five; it was then more than sixty, giving three hundred for the district now embraced by the gaol, or twelve times the present average. We have seen that out of thirteen persons served with a judgment summons from the county court, one only comes to prison, while the twelve pay the debt; but under the old system the rule seems to have been the reverse: the twelve must have gone to prison, while the one paid.

The enlargement of the Wardell Gaol district was gradually effected after the county court came into operation. As the numbers committed decreased, one gaol and then another was closed, and the prisoners sent to Wardell, until its district attained its present extent.

The terms of commitment are of short duration, varying from seven to forty days. The great majority of the cases range from fourteen days to thirty, and the average term is about twenty days. But as the Jewish mode of computing time prevails in the prison regulations, the day on which a man enters and on which he leaves being each reckoned, every man spends actually twenty-four hours less in the prison than the full literal carrying out of the sentence would imply. A man, for instance,

* In No. 618 of "The Leisure Hour" there is an account of "A Peep into a County Court."

being brought on Monday under a three days' sentence, if such there were, would be discharged on the Wednesday morning. And in addition to this, when the expiration of the term falls on the Sunday, the prisoner is always discharged the day before. When a man comes in on Monday, under a sentence of seven days, he leaves on the following Saturday. About one prisoner in six is discharged within two or three days of his commitment, the amount of the debt being raised by his friends, or some compromise being effected. Hence, although about six hundred pass through the gaol in a year, the average number in at one time is not more than about twenty-five.

A strong feeling for the abolition of county court imprisonments prevails in some quarters; but these facts indicate that it is the prospect of the gaol that incites the dilatory debtor, in twelve cases out of thirteen, to pay the amount sued for, increased as it is by court expenses. Take away that prospect, and you remove an effectual means for the recovery of small debts. The law may seem to bear hardly in some individual cases; but the county court judge does not commit a man to prison unless there be grounds for the conclusion that there has been culpable neglect of payment. On the first summons an order is usually made for payment in periodical instalments, according to the ascertained circumstances of the defendant. Failing in this, he is again summoned to "show cause" why he has not fulfilled the order, and this summons is commonly called the "show cause." If he do not appear to the summons, or if his account be not considered satisfactory, a warrant is made out for his committal to prison. And even when circumstances have proceeded thus far, two out of every five persons so situated find the means of satisfying the creditor, and arresting the execution of the warrant. It is a very sad thing to relate, but it is only too true, that many a man, after asserting in the strongest manner his total inability to discharge the debt or any part of it, when the bailiff comes with the warrant for his committal, will go at once to a drawer, or perhaps to the cupboard, and putting his hand into some sly corner, will produce therefrom either the amount required or a sufficient sum to stay further proceedings for the time.

Sometimes there is the refusal of payment out of sheer wantonness. "Tell me how many days I have to serve," said a young fellow in a bravado, on entering the prison; "because, if it's a long time I'll pay; but if it's a short time I won't pay?" The governor looked at the warrant and replied, "I'm sorry to say it is only a seven days' sentence." "O," he rejoined with an oath, "I could stand on my head that time." He was threatened with solitary confinement if he did not conduct himself properly (in which case he would have had no witnesses of hisfeat had he accomplished it), and his bravery was abated. He was, in point of fact, only five days in the prison, as it was on the Monday that he came, and hence he was discharged on the Saturday. Surely no one will say that this man was too harshly dealt with.

We would, however, by no means wish it to be supposed that all county-court prisoners are dishonest men. Many persons suffer through not appearing to the summons. The plaintiff's side alone is represented; any explanatory or extenuating circumstances which might have told in the defendant's favour do not transpire, and he is committed. Some are in the unfortunate position of prison debtors through obstinacy rather than either fraud or poverty. They originally denied their obligation to the demand, and when the case has been

brought into court and decided against them, they still maintain that, although the other side has got the law, they have got the right, and therefore they are not morally liable. "I'll go to prison before I'll pay a farthing," is their bold resolve, and, like true sons of John Bull, they keep their resolution, though it be to their own hurt.

A was a master bricklayer in a small way, and was engaged in work for B. B said to A, one forenoon, "We shall want a few more bricks; you might as well order two or three hundred as you go to dinner." A called accordingly, and ordered them of C. Shortly afterwards, B became insolvent; and some months subsequently, A received a bill from C, charging him with the money due for the bricks he had ordered for B. He repudiated the account, and C put the case into the county court. Judgment was given against A; but he still refused payment, and was committed to prison. Eight or nine months passed, and he was again committed. The writer saw him during this second imprisonment. He complained of the loss of time, and said that the plaintiff had threatened to keep sending him, until he should change his mind and discharge the account; "but," he added, "I won't. I'm not going to be imposed upon."

There is not unfrequently to be found, in the prison company, one who would have done well to remember the words of the wise man, "He that hateth suretyship is sure." Such men have good-naturedly given their bond for a neighbour or acquaintance, without duly considering the responsibility involved in the step, and when the man whom they befriended has not met his engagement, they in their turn have failed to keep their bond, and are visited with the penal consequences.

The debts of which the county court takes cognizance are small in their several amounts, the limit being fifty pounds. The new Bankruptcy Act, indeed, empowers this court to deal with larger sums in certain cases; but the alteration does not seem to have come into any general operation, and the old limit practically remains. Out of one hundred and twenty-four entries appearing consecutively on the books of Wardell Gaol, the largest debt was £38 2s. 2d., the smallest 7s. 9d., and the average £1 1s. 7½d. These amounts included the augmentation by court expenses.

The county court prisoners are, as may be expected, persons chiefly in the lower ranks of life. Occasionally a man of some pretensions to gentility appears amongst the number, as a clerk, a commission agent, or one of the lower class of attorneys, but the bulk of the inmates are ordinary working men.

Out of one hundred who passed through Wardell Gaol, sixty-six, or about two thirds, could read and write; ten could read but could not write; while twenty-four or nearly one fourth could neither read nor write. It is rather startling, that amongst any collection of persons in England in this latter half of the nineteenth century, one out of four should be found ignorant of the simplest rudiments of education; but it is hoped that prison debtors, although not to be classed with the criminal population, do not by any means present a fair representation of the intellectual condition of our working men. What is much to be deplored, however, many of those who can neither read nor write are young men; and this fact indicates that amid all the educational advantages of the present day, there is a considerable vein of society that is altogether unreached.

Out of the hundred persons, sixty-nine had never been in prison before. It was the second visit to Wardell Gaol in the case of nineteen; six were in for the third

time; and one had been three times before. The remaining five had been in other prisons.

Generally speaking, they make themselves tolerably comfortable during their short stay. They avail themselves in fine weather of the flagged yard, and the more trustworthy of them are employed about the premises. Occasionally a tailor may be seen exercising his vocation upon one of the garments of a companion in trouble. Facilities for practising in writing are afforded, and the largest of the day rooms, which contains a double desk with forms, is commonly called "the school." Cards are sometimes clandestinely introduced; but when the governor hears of it, he seizes them.

Newspapers are prohibited by the rules; and this, perhaps, renders the reading that is furnished more acceptable to the reading portion of the inmates. The "Leisure Hour" and "Sunday at Home" are weekly delivered to them, and of the thousands of circles to which these periodicals are introduced, there is not one where they are more heartily welcomed than in Wardell Gaol. Of the tracts left in the rooms, "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," by Mrs. Hannah More, is a remarkable favourite. One man in particular was brought under good impressions by the reading of it. "Buy your own Cherries," published by Mr. Jarrold of Norwich, is also very popular.

As in all groups, the general conduct of the inmates of Wardell Gaol is materially affected by a few leading spirits. If these be staid, quietly disposed people, whose influence is on the side of order, the little community presents a tolerably quiet aspect; but if they happen to be noisy, mischievous, or discontented, disorder is introduced amongst the inmates, and the authority of the governor has to be exercised. But this is comparatively rare. Most prisoners feel, at least where there is the least common sense or right feeling, that good and peaceable behaviour is the wisest policy for all parties concerned.

There is a chapel attached to the prison; and the conduct of the men during divine service is as exemplary as that of an ordinary congregation. There are always some who can join in the responses, and occasionally one or more good singers appear amongst them. They show a most marked attention during the sermon; but this may be attributable in part to the attraction of novelty, as the majority of them, it is to be feared, do not frequent the ordinances of religion when at home. If, in the case of any of them, their imprisonment, by introducing them to the ministry of the word, should be the means of bringing them to the knowledge of Divine truth, and the experience of that liberty by which Christ makes his people free, the results will be blessed indeed.

There is a department for females, but it is not always occupied, and rarely by more than one at one time. It must be admitted, in justice to the stronger sex, that the disproportion between the male and female prisoners would not be so great were it not that husbands have to bear their wives' burdens as well as their own. The "lords of the creation" enjoy many advantages, and we cannot complain that there should be a counterpart in corresponding responsibilities; but it is very hard when a poor working man finds it impossible to keep his head above water, owing to the improvident habits of her who ought to have been a "help-meet for him." One man addressed the writer thus:—"I was here nearly three years since, and my wife died, and they let me go out. I've been trying to rub her debts off ever since, and the debt I've had to come here for this time was one of the last. She shortened her days with drinking. We

lived in the country when we were married, and for some years after, and she conducted herself properly then; but when we came to — (a large town), she got acquainted with some lorrymen's wives, and took to drinking, and neglected the family, and everything went wrong."

Many of the men very candidly avow that it is their own habits of intemperance which have brought them to the debtors' prison, and many more would say the same, were they to speak the truth on the matter; but all are total abstainers during their stay; for no intoxicating liquor is allowed to enter the prison. And the experience at Wardell Gaol throws light on the question whether sudden abstinence is safe for those who have been habituated, for a course of years, to the practice of taking liquor. The present governor has held his office for more than twenty years, and during that period upwards of twelve thousand persons have passed through the gaol. A considerable proportion of them have been drinkers, and not a few heavy drinkers. The number has consisted of men of all ages, from the downy-chinned youth of twenty to the veteran toper of threescore years and ten. All and all alike have practised sudden abstinence under compulsion, and yet, in all these twelve thousand cases, there has not been one instance known of a man suffering in his health thereby. It is often complained of as a hardship, but never alleged as a cause of sickness. After so successful an experiment we may surely venture to say, that if our readers are interested in any individuals for whom, on moral grounds, total abstinence is desirable, they can with perfect safety recommend its sudden adoption.

THE EARL OF DERBY.

For the last thirty or forty years the history of Lord Derby has been inseparably bound up with the history of England. In youthful days, and in fierce debates, his eloquent and impassioned speeches were the wonder of the House of Commons. In advanced life, his impressive eloquence, weight of character, and vast experience have conferred on him a foremost place in the House of Lords, and the acknowledged lead of his political party. Long ago Mr. Macaulay, then known chiefly as a brilliant writer in the "Edinburgh Review," spoke of his knowledge of parliamentary attack and defence as rather an instinct than an acquisition, and conceded to him alone, among great orators, the distinction that he made himself immediately master of his art, instead of slowly, and "at the expense of his audience." A great reputation in the House of Commons does not always bear translating to the House of Lords; but in "another place," as, according to parliamentary usage it is mysteriously called, his remarkable sway over his auditory has been even still more conspicuous. Hence Sir Bulwer Lytton, in one of his poems, says of him—

"How listening crowds that knightly voice delights,
If from those crowds are banish'd all but knights—"

lines which, nevertheless, involve an injustice to Lord Derby, inasmuch as his unaffected eloquence and lucid reasoning are capable of charming and instructing any auditory. For a long time, Lord Derby was chiefly known as the Protectionist leader of the country gentlemen. Since then he has earned an honourable popularity in the manufacturing districts, by his laborious exertions and princely liberality in aid of the "cotton-famine" distress.

Edward Geoffrey Smith Stanley, fourteenth Earl of Derby, was born at Knowsley Park, March 29th, 1799.

The earldom of Derby is second on the roll; and while the succession to the Shrewsbury peerage was in litigation Lord Derby, in order of precedence, was the Premier Earl of England. The title dates back nearly four centuries, to the year 1485, when a bold ancestor, on the battle-field of Bosworth, removed the crown from the helmet of the dead tyrant, Richard III, and placed it on the head of Henry VII, and was rewarded with the earl's coronet. The founder of the race was Sir John Stanley, who, in 1375, the time of Edward III, by a fortunate marriage laid the basis of the splendid fortunes of his line. In addition to broad estates in England, the Derby family for a very long period possessed sovereign rights in the Isle of Man. Mr. Justice Blackstone, in his Commentaries, found it necessary to speak of this anomalous state of things, the Earls of Derby "maintaining a sort of royal authority therein, by assenting or dissenting to laws and exercising an appellate jurisdiction." These rights, however, were, generations since, ceded to the crown on the payment of £70,000. The father of the present earl, who attained to a ripe age, was known as a great country potentate, steadily supporting the Whig party, greatly addicted to all out-door amusements, and especially delighting in the menagerie and aviary which he had collected at Knowsley Hall.

His son, the present earl, was educated at Eton, and from Eton he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford. Christ Church is remarkable as being the nursing mother of many of the most distinguished statesmen of the age: the late Sir Robert Peel, Lord Herbert, the Marquis of Dalhousie, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, besides Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone, and various other distinguished statesmen still living. The Hon. E. G. S. Stanley was noted at Oxford for being an elegant scholar. In the year 1819 he obtained a University prize for a Latin poem, on the subject of Syracuse. Thirty-four years later, when he was installed Chancellor of the University, the prizeman of the day for the Latin poem made in his verse a graceful allusion to this academic success. In the same year that Mr. Stanley at Oxford achieved the best Latin poem, Mr. Macaulay at Cambridge achieved the best English poem. Mr. Stanley, however, did not persevere in the path of scholastic ambition. It has been said that, not being quite certain of a first place, he did not choose to run the chance of a second.

In the year 1825 he married the Hon. Emma Caroline, second daughter of the first Lord Skelmersdale. He has had six children, of whom he has lost two sons and a daughter, while two sons and a daughter survive: Lord Stanley, the Hon. Frederick Arthur Stanley, of the Guards, and Lady Emma, married to Colonel Talbot. When his first children were born, four generations of the Stanley family were contemporaneous: the old Earl of Derby, Lord Stanley (the father of the subject of our memoir), the Hon. Edward G. S. Stanley, and the yet untitled Stanley. "Lord Stanley" has been the title under which each of the last three generations has chiefly obtained name and reputation in the country.

When he had attained his majority, in 1821, he entered Parliament as member for Stockbridge, a borough disfranchised by the Reform Bill. He was a silent member for three years. His first speech was made on Tuesday, the 30th of March, 1824, on the subject of the Manchester Gas Light Bill. On the eleventh page of the eleventh volume of Hansard it is put on record that Mr. Stanley, addressing the House for the first time, made "a maiden speech of much clearness and ability." That great parliamentary critic, Sir James Macintosh, who subsequently at once recognised the genius of young

Macaulay, passed a splendid eulogium upon this speech. The same session he spoke again, with great success, on the subject of the Irish church establishment. In 1826 he was chosen M.R. for Preston, perhaps the most ancient of the old boroughs of Lancashire, where his family possessed considerable influence.

In 1827, after the melancholy death of Lord Liverpool, the king fixed, as his successor, upon "classic Canning," "the most brilliant and accomplished man in England," the leader of the House of Commons, and most popular Foreign Secretary. When this selection was made, six of the other cabinet ministers resigned. Mr. Canning was made bitterly to feel that the favour of the king, and the enthusiasm of the country, were not sufficient to sustain him against those who regarded with jealousy the supremacy of genius without aristocracy of birth. Among the new alterations which were made, which rendered the cabinet liberal for the first time for many years, Mr. Stanley became Under Secretary of State for the Colonies. He continued in office during the Goderich Ministry of five months that ensued after Canning's lamented death. Then the Duke of Wellington's succeeded, of three years' duration, in which the minds of men were busy with the projects that subsequently culminated in the Reform Bill. Stanley's father was a staunch Whig, and he had been brought up in the principles of the Whig school. He was at this period an ardent reformer; and, looking back upon the past, no one now denies how necessary was a wise measure of reform. Such a measure saved England from the revolutionary fury that was bursting on the Continent. When Earl Grey's Reform Ministry of 1830 was formed, Mr. Stanley occupied the post, so frequently given to rising statesmen, of Chief Secretary for Ireland. The Grey Ministry lasted, with brief interruption, for nearly four years. It was during those days that Mr. Stanley strode prominently forward in the midst of the political arena. The effect of his oratory seemed electric. In looking over old volumes of the "Times," we meet with his speeches, extending over columns on columns, arousing the utmost attention and excitement in their delivery, and concluding amid a diapason of cheers. His position as Irish Secretary brought him into especial conflict with Mr. O'Connell. The "Liberator" possessed an unrivalled power in addressing multitudinous assemblies, and, varying his style entirely, with wonderful versatility, made himself one of the most weighty debaters in the House of Commons. Most men shrank from his giant force. O'Connell, however, dreaded Stanley—"Scorpion Stanley"—was the name he gave him. The Secretary's scorn and irony had a withering effect, and men spoke bitterly of his patrician airs. Sir Robert Peel drily gave the true explanation. "Often," said Sir Robert, "have I heard the right honourable gentleman taunted with his aristocratic demeanour. I rather think I should hear fewer complaints upon that score, if he were a less powerful opponent in debate."

The first reformed parliament assembled; and though there was a great deal of popular disappointment with the legislation of 1833, on looking back, its measures with respect to Ireland, India, the West Indies, and the currency, appear of the most important and extensive nature.

Mr. Stanley was now Secretary of State for the Colonies. It was his glorious lot to carry out the total abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions. On May 14th, 1833, he brought forward the government measure. We cannot do better than make an extract from his speech:—

"The present question involves interests greater,



THE EARL OF DERBY.

consequences more momentous, results more portentous than any which ever was submitted to British or any other legislature. A commerce giving employment now to 250,000 tons of shipping, a revenue of £500,000, and an export of equal amount is here to be dealt with. But what are these pecuniary interests, great as they are, to the moral and social consequences at stake, the freedom of 800,000 of our own, and many millions of foreign slaves; the emancipation and happiness of generations yet unborn; the ultimate destiny of almost a moiety of the human race, which is wound up with this question? Vast, almost awful, as are the interests involved in this question, and the difficulties with which it is beset, its settlement can no longer be delayed. We have arrived at a point where delay is more perilous than decision. We have only the choice left of doing some good at the least risk of effecting evil. We are called upon to legislate between conflicting parties, one deeply involved by pecuniary interests and by difficulties ever pressing and still increasing; the other still more deeply interested by their feelings and opinions, and representing a growing determination on the part of the people of this country, at once to put an end to slavery; a determination the more absolute and the less irresistible, that it is founded in sincere religious feelings, and in a solemn conviction that things wrong in principle cannot be expedient in practice. The time is gone by when the question can for a moment be entertained, whether or not the system of slavery can be made perpetual; the only point left for discussion is the safest, happiest way of effecting its entire abolition."

The original plan of the government was one of gradual abolition. A total abolition would be arrived at only on the expiration of a series of years, and fifteen millions were to be advanced by way of loan, to the West India planters. Lord Stanley, however, saw reason to modify this proposition. The interests of the planters were certainly to be consulted; and the issue has shown, in the depreciation of West India property, that they have indeed suffered greatly. But they had taken no steps to prevent extreme legislation. They had regarded with jealousy every interposition of the British legislature. They had rejected Mr. Canning's wise and humane propositions, by which the negroes would have been progressively prepared for their great boon. The ardent and noble-minded philanthropists of the day were eagerly desirous of immediate abolition. The planters did not object, provided good compensation were given. A gift of £20,000,000, instead of a loan of £15,000,000, was proposed, and immediate instead of gradual abolition. Thus was a mighty stain wiped off from the English name. A present costly sacrifice atoned for our past errors, while in America, these errors persevered in, are now producing a bloody retribution. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton thought he had never listened to anything so delightful as Mr. Stanley's speech about slavery. The moral spectacle which our country at this time presented, is in the highest degree honourable and ennobling. What other nation would have rid itself of such a taint, at such an enormous expenditure? In looking back upon his crowded political career, we imagine there is no fact which Lord Derby contemplates with greater satisfaction than this: that he was the Minister of the Crown who carried the abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions.

The year 1834 witnessed a disruption in the Reformed Parliament. The question of the Irish Church was one which riveted the attention of the nation, and shook the stability of ministries. Lord Stanley had carried the Church Temporalities Bill, which had materially dimin-

ished the number of bishops in Ireland; beyond this, however, he was not prepared to go. The Whig Ministry determined to persevere in this path, and Lord Stanley could not conscientiously support them. He accordingly resigned, in company with Sir James Graham; as also did a few other members of the government. These had been familiarly known as "the Canning leaven of the Whig administration." They now constituted an independent, scanty, isolated party in the House of Commons. O'Connell threw the House into convulsions of laughter by his apt quotation from Canning's "Loves of the Triangles":

"Still down thy steep, romantic Ashbourne, glides
The Derry Dilly with its six insides."

"It is yet to this day," says Mr. Rochester, "the theme of traditional merriment, down yonder in the parliamentary precincts at Westminster—that ludicrous application by Dan—with a twitch of his wig and a twinkle of his eye, while he trolled the words with his unctuous and irresistible brogue—that preposterous application to the ex-secretary and his ex-colleagues." This secession shook the position of the remaining ministers so greatly that William IV dismissed them. Sir Robert Peel was called upon to form a government; but Sir Robert Peel was then in Italy. The Iron Duke undertook to hold all the chief offices of state till Peel returned. People called the Duke, in consequence, My Lord High Everything; but the grim warrior held the reins of state firmly enough. Sir Robert arrived, and proceeded to form his cabinet. He asked Lord Stanley and other Canningites to join him, but they refused. Sir Robert Peel's government lasted only a few months. Then ensued Lord Melbourne's "patch up of the old concern," as Sir James Graham called it. During the six or seven years of the Melbourne Ministry, Lord Stanley was in opposition, inclining more and more in the direction of the party of Sir Robert Peel. No great statesman willingly remains in an isolated position; Lord Stanley and his friends, gradually merging into the stream of Conservatism, became cordial allies of Sir Robert. When the strong Tory government of 1841 was formed, Lord Stanley became the Colonial Secretary of the Peel ministry.

The wonderful march of events, however, was bringing about a crisis in the national history, which would finally separate Lord Stanley from his chief, Sir Robert Peel. In 1845, according to his own desire, he had been summoned to the House of Lords, in the lifetime of his father, under the title of Lord Stanley of Bickerstaffe, his father's barony, still retaining his office as Secretary of State for the Colonies. He has himself expressed the reason of this step—that he was influenced by a wish "to assist the Duke of Wellington as a colleague, and to take a portion of the weight of public business off his shoulders; and that he looked forward to making himself so known to members of that House, as to qualify him in some degree to act as the successor of his grace, whenever he should himself desire to be relieved from the burthen of office." During this time the Anti-Corn Law League was growing up into vigorous maturity. It was sneered at, in the first place, as a mere Manchester movement; but when great noblemen like Lord Fitzwilliam, and great bankers like Lord Overstone, joined it, it began to command the more respectful attention of public men. In the August of 1845, Lord John Russell, in a speech reviewing the events of the session, warned ministers that if it were true that certain strange atmospheric phenomena had been already observed, which presaged a bad harvest, they would find that their tariff reforms were insufficient,

and that they must deal at last with the great question of corn. This was the first warning of the great Irish famine. The Home Secretary, Sir James Graham, in reply, rallied Lord John "on his alarm at a mist that had hung over the Surrey hills ten days before, which, perhaps, had given a colour to his views on the subject, if it had not indeed been the immediate cause of his speech and motion." Thus, then, terminated the session of 1845, leaving the Conservative Government in the possession of a very strong majority, and apparent general prosperity throughout all the empire. A dark cloud, however, began to appear. Serious apprehensions arose respecting the potato crop. Only a week after Lord John's warning, a great salesman wrote to a leading member of the government, detailing his recent experience. He had gone through the south-eastern counties making observations, and noticed the prevalence of disease among every species of potato, and added, that nearly all that he had seen in the London market, wheresoever grown, bore indications of similar blight. The news from Ireland was more serious still, and there were alarming apprehensions of a famine. Several of the governments of Europe took alarm, and forbade the exportation of provisions. On the 23rd of November, a letter appeared in the papers from Lord John Russell, which attracted universal attention. It was dated from Edinburgh, and addressed to the electors of London. He declared his surprise that ministers had separated without taking any steps to meet the impending scarcity. He bitterly attacked the Corn Law system, which he described as "the blight of commerce, the bane of agriculture, the source of bitter divisions among classes, the cause of penury, fever, mortality and crime among the people." When the cabinet reassembled, Sir Robert addressed language to them, which showed that he had made up his mind to alter the Corn Law or resign. He would propose an immediate suspension of it by order in council, or propose before an early parliament its immediate modification. The Duke of Wellington was greatly disappointed and chagrined. He said to more than one of his personal friends, that Peel and Russell had between them brought things to such a pass, that nothing now could be done but give way. All the members of the cabinet were prepared to follow their chief, with the exception of Lord Stanley, who finally declined to retain office.

Sir Robert Peel resigned, and the Queen, according to conventional usage, sent for Lord John Russell. Lord John confessed his undesirable minority in the House of Commons, and advised her Majesty to send for Lord Stanley to form a Protectionist Ministry. Lord Stanley respectfully but resolutely declined the task, and then Lord John consented to form a cabinet. The scheme, however, fell to the ground, in consequence of the refusal of Earl Grey to join any administration in which Lord Palmerston should be the Foreign Secretary. This was the occasion for the famous cartoon in "Punch," "I am afraid you are not strong enough for the place, John." Sir Robert Peel accordingly was again master of the situation, and Lord Stanley led the opposition in the House of Lords. The danger of famine was then disbelieved. The facts were only partially known, and the consequences were veiled in impenetrable obscurity. The Irish oat crop was abundant; the general crop of wheat was an average; the prices had not risen. Lord Stanley, in common with many able men, took a comparatively roseate view of things. "It was," said Lord Stanley, "an utterly baseless vision which haunted the imagination, and disturbed the judgment of the government."

The first Conservative party was now immediately broken up. In Mr. Ellis's recent "Life of the Duke of Wellington," we have a remarkable correspondence between Lord Stanley and the Duke of Wellington. Lord Stanley told the Duke that "confidence had been so shaken in Sir Robert Peel, that, in spite of his pre-eminent abilities and great services, he could never re-unite the party under his guidance, nor did he see any one in the House of Commons of sufficient ability and influence to do so. Whatever might be the result of the Corn Bill, the days of the existing government were numbered. A Protection Government could not be formed, and a Whig administration was certain to ensue upon the overthrow of Sir Robert Peel's government; and in the existence of such an administration, he saw the only chance of re-uniting in opposition to the great Conservative party, and training the House of Commons members of it to the conduct of public business. While the existing government lasted, the Conservatives would be disunited and discontented. If it were possible, which he thought it was not, to form a Protectionist Government, they would be separated from that section of the party which had adhered to Peel; but in opposition, both sections would again rally, forgetting past differences, and in the Upper House following as readily as before the Duke's lead, so long as he was able and willing to give them the benefit of his counsel and guidance." The Duke, siding as usual with Sir Robert, told Lord Stanley that "the stage was clear and open for him, and that, in a recent letter to the Queen, he had put an end to the connection between the Conservative party and himself, when the party would be in opposition to government. Lord Stanley ought, therefore, to assume the station, and exercise the influence which he, the Duke, had so long received in the House of Lords."

From this time accordingly, two facts were abundantly clear: first, that Sir Robert Peel's days of power were numbered; secondly, that Lord Stanley was henceforth the chief of the Conservative party. For the last seventeen years he has held that position, in opposition the whole time, save for two brief intervals. In the House of Lords he commands, in great measure through his personal influence, a clear majority; but in the House of Commons the Conservative party has not regained the power it possessed under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel.

A characteristic display of the tone of Lord Derby's mind may be instanced in his statement to the House of Lords, when he first became Prime Minister in 1852. An amendment, moved by Lord Palmerston, on the Militia Bill, had precipitated Lord John Russell from office. Lord Derby then organized a short-lived, but most active administration. His words show in how earnest and conscientious a spirit he entered on his high duties. "Be the period of my administration longer or shorter, not only shall I have attained the highest object of my ambition, but I shall have fulfilled one of the highest ends of human being, if, in the course of that administration, I can, in the slightest degree, advance the great object of peace on earth and goodwill among men; if I can advance the social, moral, and religious improvement of my country, and at the same time contribute to the safety, honour, and welfare of our sovereign and her dominions." Again—"In words that are used by the criminal in the dock, and are not unworthy of the lips of the first minister of the crown, of the first nation in the world, 'We elect to be tried by God and our country.'"

When Lord Derby formed his ministry in 1852, he had the happiness of appointing his son, Lord Stanley,

to be Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Lord Stanley had only made his political appearance a few years before. He was travelling in the West Indies and in America, when during his absence he was elected member for King's Lynn. He was again travelling in Hindostan, when he was recalled home to take office under his father.

The Conservatives did not long hold power. After a dissolution, the new parliament found them in a minority of nineteen. It is curious that in 1858 a majority of nineteen, again a decisive number, ousted Lord Palmerston. The Earl of Derby, once more Prime Minister, made his son a Secretary of State and Cabinet Minister. He was enabled to do so without the faintest murmur; Lord Palmerston had wished to advance Lord Derby's heir to a similar dignity in his own parliament; but father and son are found together, to quote the family motto, *sans changer*. Earl Derby undertook to bring forward a Reform Bill, not inappropriately, since he had been in the government that carried the bill of 1832. A moderate measure was then brought forward and rejected; and after a dissolution, his government was ejected by the Marquis of Hartington's want of confidence motion. At this point we may quote Sir Archibald Alison:—

"The Earl of Derby has not been so long in office as to enable a just estimate to be formed of his merits as a statesman, and it will belong to a future historian to pronounce a judgment on that subject. He is beyond all doubt, and by the admission of all parties, the most perfect orator of his day. His style of speaking differs essentially from that of the great statesmen of his own or the preceding age. His leading feature is neither the vehement declamation of Fox, nor the lucid narrative of Pitt, nor the classical fancy of Canning, nor the varied energy of Brougham. Capable, when he chose, of rivalling any of these, illustrious in the line in which they excelled, the native bent of his mind leads him rather to a combination of their varied excellencies, than an imitation of any one of them. In many respects he is a more perfect and winning orator than any of his predecessors. His eloquence presents a combination of opposite and seemingly inconsistent excellencies, but which combine, in a surprising manner, to form a graceful and attractive whole. At once playful and serious, eloquent and instructive, amusing and pathetic, his thoughts seem to flow from his lips an unpremeditated stream, which at once delights and fascinates his hearers. None was ever tired while his speech lasted; no one ever saw him come to a conclusion without regret. He is capable at times of rising to the highest flights of oratory, is always thoroughly master of the subject on which he speaks, and never fails to place his views in the clearest and most favourable light; but the natural bent of his mind is to win the assent of his hearers by the charm of his fancy, or the delicacy of his satire, rather than sweep away their judgment by the torrent of his oratory." This applies rather to the present mellowed eloquence of Lord Derby, than to an earlier time, when he was the Rupert of debate, the Hotspur of the Reform days.

Lord Derby is, however, something more and something better than a mere orator: he is a profound statesman of enlarged views and vast experience. He has issued several publications which show that he might have distinguished himself as a writer, had he not attained that front eminence as a speaker, which is found as a rule to be inconsistent with the highest order of literary excellence.

Lord Derby fills all kinds of posts: Trustee of the

British Museum, Governor of the Charter House, Elder Brother of the Trinity House, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, etc. He was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1853, upon the death of the Duke of Wellington. Lord Derby, at a Grand Commemoration at Oxford, is to be seen in all his glory. It happened on one occasion, when, in his official capacity, he admitted various distinguished persons to honorary degrees, that among these was his son, Lord Stanley. To others he addressed the usual formula, "Vir honoratissime" (Most honoured Sir); but he dropped the language of compliment for that of the most sincere affection in addressing Lord Stanley. He said, "Fili mi dilectissime" (Most beloved son), with an earnest feeling which awoke the sympathies of all with the father and son, and brought down the thunders of the Sheldonian theatre. More recently, the Earl, as Chancellor, admitted the Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by his fair bride, to an honorary degree. On this occasion he delivered, *extempore*, an eloquent Latin speech. The reporter of the leading journal affectedly spoke of the rusticity of the Latin. This would be no imputation on a busy, and now aged statesman. Next day the speech was published, and the critical reader will in vain look for a flaw in its classical composition.

There will be very different views respecting Lord Derby's politics; but there will be no difference on still more material points. The days of political rancour are, we trust, numbered. The public character of our statesmen affects the national credit, and is dear to all Englishmen. No political opponent, on looking back on his varied and unselfish career, will do otherwise than proudly and cheerfully concede to Lord Derby the character of an eloquent orator, a high-minded statesman, a chivalrous peer, a kind-hearted philanthropist.

HOUSE-REARING IN LONDON.

The observing pedestrian who perambulates the London suburbs cannot fail to be struck, from time to time, with the extraordinary and rapid changes which take place in the face of that portion of the land which forms the debateable district between town and country. It may be regarded as a belt of earth some half-mile in width, but ever increasing in circumference. Within its limits the most startling transformations are constantly occurring; what was yesterday a meadow, pastured by sheep or oxen, to-day is a brick field, redolent of damp clay and burning kilns, and in the lapse of a few morrows will be a wilderness of new streets, gradually teeming with a new population, and waiting to be marked down in the new edition of the Map of London.

By whom is it that these sudden and extensive transformations are effected? and how are they brought about? The answer to these questions will embrace some information of a kind more characteristic than delightful, but which are, however, of practical import, and may not be unprofitable to the reader, whom we shall endeavour to enlighten on the subject. The owners of land in the outlying districts of the metropolis—many of such owners being mere land-jobbers, who have bought their plots in anticipation of letting them on building leases—are uniformly anxious to get their rods or acres covered with houses. As a rule, they do not themselves think of building, that being a speculation, and they preferring a sure game. One would think that the building would naturally fall to the lot of men of large capital, capable of meeting any amount of responsibility. In London, however, that is by no means the rule, and is rather the

exception, thousands of houses being built, or "run-up"—for that is the accepted term—every year by men of no capital at all. The routine process, as we have watched it over and over, is pretty much as follows:—

The parties concerned in the erection of a new street or neighbourhood are three: the ground-landlord, his lawyer, and one or more speculating builders who have working premises, working plant, and men in their pay, but who want the necessary capital to employ them advantageously. The builder, applying to the landlord's lawyer, looks over the plan, and takes a lease, for something short of a hundred years, of as much of the ground as he thinks he can manage. Having the lease, which is looked upon as, and indeed is, a sort of guarantee for respectability of character, he finds no difficulty in obtaining credit for bricks, mortar, and timber—the materials principally required. He begins to work at once, excavating his foundations, laying the drains, and getting up the walls to a decent elevation. It is noticeable that extraordinary activity is always displayed in these preliminary stages of the running-up process; however much a man may delay and dawdle afterwards, he is sure to be on the alert at this particular crisis. The reason is, that so soon as a house, or any number of houses, have reached a certain stage towards completion, the builder, by a sort of prescriptive custom, which, by habit, has almost the sanction of a right, can obtain advances from the lawyer to enable him to proceed further. Sometimes, from causes not always to be accounted for, the advance is withheld, and then occurs that picturesque phenomenon which every Londoner must have met with some time or other in his walks—the spectacle, to wit, of a whole row of houses, built up to the first floor and then abandoned, while the rain-fall of the neighbourhood drains into the unfloored basement, filling it perhaps to the depth of half a yard. Generally the advances are ready enough, and the work proceeds, though with more deliberation, until the houses are roofed in, in which condition they are designated as carcasses.

While in the condition of carcasses, houses are frequently sold; but it may be inferred, with some degree of certainty, that they are never so sold much to the advantage of the builder, and that, were he not pushed for money, he would not sell them in the carcass state; for in this state they declare their actual condition, so that any man acquainted with the trade may tell almost to a fraction what they have cost in running-up. When they are finished, the stucco without, and the plastering and papering within, have concealed or sophisticated all that; so that it may want an experienced surveyor to tell what the house is made of and declare its value.

Not being sold as a carcass, the house has to be finished by the necessary labours of plasterer, joiner, plumber, mason, etc. The builders either do that themselves, by employing their own workmen, or get it done by contract, or private agreement with others who are not averse from bartering work in timber and iron for work in bricks and mortar; and in this way carpenters and joiners frequently become house-proprietors.

If the houses thus reared let well, and tenants come as soon as they are ready for them, the builder may on the whole do pretty well. It is true the houses are not his, although he is nominally their owner; for he has obtained various advances upon them before they arrived at completion, and the total sum has been secured to the lending lawyer, in the shape of a heavy mortgage upon the whole. The rents, however, which have been calculated to pay at least ten per cent. upon capital, will pay the interest of the borrowed money, and leave a

good margin both for repairs and profits. But if the tenants are not forthcoming there are of course no rents; and if that state of things lasts long, nay, if it lasts for a single year, it is but a dolorous look-out for the builder. The ground-landlord will look for his ground-rents, and will have them; the mortgagee will have the regular interest for his money; and the lawyer will tender his bill, with the expectation of payment. It is astonishing, under these circumstances, how careful the lawyer becomes of the interests of his unknown clients who have advanced the mortgage money, and how ready he is to foreclose, to save them from loss. Perhaps this is the reason why one sees so many announcements in the newspapers, at the auction mart, and elsewhere, of whole rows of houses in various parts of the outlying suburbs, to be sold by auction before they have been a couple of years in existence.

Meanwhile, whatever may have been the result of the speculation on the part of the builder, we may be sure it has been no grievance to the lawyer, while it has answered exceedingly well for the ground-landlord. He has got his plot of land covered with buildings, and is collecting an annual rent from each one of them, far exceeding the rent of the land per acre before it was built upon. More than that, he has the consciousness that he has laid the foundation of a mine of wealth for his heirs or descendants, who will some day inherit an estate which the lapse of time will have thrust into the heart of the metropolis, and which the expiry of the ninety years' lease will throw into their possession.

But when all is finished, and the new neighbourhood is built up, how are the tenants situated? for that, after all, is the question of real and vital import. The reply is, that sooner or later the tenant begins to make discoveries of an extremely interesting nature, not at all pleasant. Going into a new house, he naturally expects that, whatever shortcomings he may meet with, he will be sure of escaping the entomological plagues which are the reproach of crowded cities. But lo! the first damper to his feeling of satisfaction is the detection of a swarm of vermin, who have made a settlement in the bed-curtains, and sally forth to their deeds of darkness on the first approach of warm weather. Their presence is as much a puzzle to him as it is a plague; he cannot conceive how they got naturalized in so short a time; he does not know, poor innocent, that his new house is run up in good part of old bricks—that the whole substance of the party-walls was, a twelvemonth or so ago, part and parcel of Scratch Alley, which had been colonized with vermin any time these fifty years, and was only then pulled down to make way for new improvements. How *was* he to know that Jobbins the builder bought the old bricks for an old song, and worked them all up in the party-walls and inner facings of his new houses? Lest he should dwell too much upon this small grievance, however, there comes another (with the advent of rainy weather), in the shape of numerous gentle cascades through the roof, lulling him with their quiet drip, drip, all the night long. The plumber, on coming to see what is wrong, reports that the lead along the water-way is too scanty for its purpose, because Jobbins has made the usual allowance for three houses do for four, and in consequence new lead must be laid down. The roof is hardly repaired when cook begins to complain of "a horrid nasty smell" in the kitchen; she thinks as how it must be rats, because she has heard them "squeaklin'" about under the floor. The tenant goes down to see what is the matter, and soon finds that the rats have got in sure enough; the reason being that Jobbins could not, or would not, afford to go to the expense of

good pipe drains, which would have kept them out, but has substituted a cheap brick culvert. Then the floor has to come up, and the pipe drains have to be laid, with no end of worry and inconvenience; and at last that nuisance is got rid of.

Not that, by any means, this is the end of the chapter of annoyances; the run-up house affords a very long list in addition to these. It is found, for instance, that the walls and cupboards are persistently damp, and will not get dry; the moisture stains the paper, covers the contents of the closet with a blue mould, and rusts the knives and forks even while in daily use. The burning of fires in the rooms seems to have very little effect; and, indeed, it takes years to get quit of this perilous moisture, which is all owing to the rubbishing ingredients of the cement used in the building, under the spur of a wretched flint-skimming economy. In a little time longer, other indications of the same vile management begin to appear. The doors won't shut close, because the jambs have settled down, and they have to be taken down, cut half an inch or so shorter, and re-hung. Then the windows will not go up, or, having gone up, won't come down; the green wood of the sashes is warped out of shape, and the carpenter has to be sent for, and spends the whole day in making them open and shut; and he warns you when he goes, that they will have to be altered again before long—a warning which is sure to come true. Worse still is the alarming discovery, made by the housemaid some morning, that the drawing-room carpet is rapidly splitting up into sections nine inches in width, and ere long will not be worth a straw. On looking into this, it is found that the boards of the drawing-room floor have shrunk to such an extent, that there is a gap of the third of an inch between every one of them and its neighbour, and that the action of the upper draught of air has shorn clean away the woollen fibre of the carpet along the whole of its course. To save the carpet from complete destruction, the floor has to be planed away where the boards have curled up, and the gaps, being first filled with laths fitted into them, are then covered with cartridge paper firmly pasted down. When the frost of winter sets in, there is the further annoyance of frozen water-pipes, and general shortness of water for domestic purposes; for no runner-up of houses ever thinks it worth his while to protect the water-pipes from frost, or to shield the cistern containing the supply from its effects. So universal is this unprincipled neglect, that after any frost of some days' duration, three-fourths of the inhabitants of London suburbs are dependent for water upon the plugs which are temporarily inserted in the mains in the public streets. Enough of these grievances.

In conclusion, it is worth an occupier's while to bear in mind that the *first* person who enters upon one of these undesirable tenements is the likeliest to suffer; the second comer is in a better position; he has the benefit of such ameliorations as the first has been able to enforce, and may reasonably expect that the house may continue habitable for the next ten years. Now, of a large proportion of these run-up houses, the first occupiers are persons who pay no rent; they are poor people, servants past work, superannuated washerwomen, porters, watermen, and policemen—a various class well known to house-proprietors, who are always ready to take charge of new houses to air them. It is much better, in choosing a house, to select one, especially if it be a new one, which has been thus taken in charge and aired. During such free occupancy, the landlord is in and out from time to time, and if anything should appear requiring his attention, he is likely, in his own interest,

to look after it. Much of the showy, specious, and unsound work of builders is due, after all, to the unwise preference, on the part of tenants, for new houses. For the nominal advantage of a somewhat low rent they are tempted to take leases, during which they are involved in continual discomfort and heavy expenses.

FOUR YEARS IN THE PRISONS OF ROME.

CHAPTER XII.—IN THE DUNGEONS OF TERMINI.—THE FORTRESS OF PALIANO.

I WAS still weak and ill, when one morning I was told to accompany the guardian to the room of Chancellor Neri, when I eagerly asked if my papers of exile had arrived. He answered me by telling me I was going to the dungeons of Termini. Knowing that state prisoners are often sent there to pass through previous to their release, I still hoped and thought the best. But my heart once more sank within me, when I saw my friend Dr. Gozzi, a physician of the Roman States, being led up to me by a carabiniere, and I knew that he had not been favoured with leave of exile. The officer immediately manacled the left hand of the other prisoner to my right, with the same cruel iron which had before wounded my wrists even to bleeding, and in this manner we were conveyed to Termini in a carriage. We arrived there about ten at night, when we were immediately put into Cell No. 4. There were seventy-one other prisoners in a place filthily dirty, about forty feet long and about twelve wide. All these others were belonging to the lowest class, and were thieves and assassins, my friend and I being the only political prisoners. Each unfortunate had the invariable sack with the small quantity of dirty straw therein. Indeed, we were among such a dreadful band, that, having a little money left of that which had been given me by my poor friend Grondoni, I was glad to join it with some from Gozzi to give to the so-called chief among these worthies, and so purchase our indemnity from outrage and insult; for without this we should have been ill-treated and perhaps injured.

Imagine, reader, if you can, this revolting room—behaviour of the most disgraceful kind, language the most licentious and blasphemous, obscenity of the most revolting nature; and then sympathize with a man, by habit and education a gentleman, who had only just left a bed of sickness, where, at least, he had respectful conduct from his fellow prisoners, even from those poor madmen; indeed, I had endeavoured to win their good feeling, by serving them to the best of my power, so that all were truly displeased when I was taken away. Imagine, then, if it is possible, my sufferings. There was no possibility of rest—my so-called bed was passed over twenty times during the night by these unfeeling assassins, and I not daring to complain, knowing their desperate character and my weakness. About three in the morning I was astonished to hear my name, and that of Dr. Gozzi, called out at the half-opened door, coupled with an order to prepare for immediate departure. I arose eagerly to answer to this call, and being, as I before said, not able to undress, I was in a few seconds ready, for I really felt now as if my first supposition must have been right, and that I was about to be liberated. A short time after, the guardian came for us; I asked him if we were going to Civita Vecchia, for, had it been so, I should have been sure we were exiled from the Roman States. The response which was given me by the carabiniere was first to manacle my wrist, and then, on my again demanding to know our destination, he told me his orders were to conduct me to Palestrina.

"Merciful God! how much more suffering wilt thou permit to thy servant? How much more must my suffering heart endure before breaking? Must I then close my eyes in death, without the sight of those beloved ones whom I so ardently long to see? Is, then, all hope fled?" were my silent thoughts. Yes indeed, all seemed lost, and my very inward being palpitated when I heard the fatal word "Paliano!" This fortress had been prepared ever since the month of June, for those condemned for state offences. Tears of bitter agony burst from my oppressed heart, and I prayed to God—not to the Virgin—to give me strength to bear my heavy affliction; for I seemed heart-turned to the Almighty, as the only one who could give me relief. My tears had a salutary effect in my weakened state, and I began to use every endeavour to bear with patience this bitter drop thus added to my already brimming cup.

We were taken in a fiacre a distance of thirty-seven miles, to the fortress of Paliano, and there were in the carriage with us two carabinieri armed, and even with guns loaded. It was December, which is almost the only cold month in Rome, and it was very cold for the season; so I asked for a covering of some kind, for the early morning air was very chill, and my still remaining illness made me feel the cold more; but this I was refused, and that in no gentle manner. At length, cold, suffering, and unhappy, we arrived at the fortress. I think I would have parted with food for days to have had a little warm coffee and a piece of bread only, after that dreary journey; but no: sick with want, we were at once put into the third division, the prison being divided into four sections. After two hours I was removed to the first division, where the more distinguished were placed; but having recognised some friends in trouble like myself, I begged to return to their division, to which, for a wonder, they acceded. This section of the prison was one room only, and had besides myself seventeen other prisoners, and it was so small that when our sacks of straw were laid down, narrow as they were, the room would scarcely contain them; so that, in getting on to these so-called beds, we could hardly help treading on each other.

The fortress of Paliano belonged to the Prince of Colonna, with the annexed castle; but to his lasting shame be it spoken, he either lent, or sold it to the Pope, as a prison-house for his countrymen—for those men who had fought for the liberty of that beautiful land they wished to be their own, of that fair country of which he was a renegade son. I was now so attenuated, and so really ill, that I felt how necessary it was to endeavour to make my mind resigned to that heavy affliction which the Almighty had thought fit to send me. I had passed through so much with a forced calmness, that I felt that I must not now give up. I settled my mind to meditate on the great facts of our common faith, asking the help and blessing of the Almighty; for I had three things to fear, which would make a stouter heart than mine quake, namely, twenty years of galleys, poisoning, and last, but far from least, there was the fear of madness. When thinking of my family, indeed, all my forbearance and fortitude were wanted, added to a reverential sense of religion, and of God, to enable me to bear my burden of sorrow; and, as we are enjoined by St. Paul, I endeavoured to be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer.

None but those who have unhappily been placed in a prison for no crime, but unjustly through political tyranny, can imagine the feeling of brotherhood which springs up in a short time between the captives. Each

knows the other's sufferings, and all speak to comfort one another; for each has some faint spark of hope in his own heart, which one who perhaps has a more sanguine nature fans into a flame. Such feelings of brotherhood had I for Cesare Meloni, Adamo Battistelli, Francesco Leonelli, Domenico Cerroni, and others of Sini-gallia; Dottore Pietro Ripari di Cremona, afterwards General of the ambulance of the army of Southern Italy; and others who were to me indeed brothers in fact and in word. When my spirit was oppressed more than usual, these true hearts would try to solace me by leading me to speak of their affairs, and thus, by talking of their own troubles, to lead me from the thoughts of my own, and raise from my heart the clouds which so overshadowed my spirit. With the permission of the old military captain who was director of the fortress, I wrote petitions, letters, defences, etc., for the prisoners of the division; and so kind were they in thinking exceedingly well of my abilities as an advocate, that the other divisions prayed my help, which the old captain allowed me to give; and I am happy to say that some received favourable answers, others diminution of punishment, and in more than one instance I had the joy to know that, through my pleading on paper, a father had been given to his children, and a husband to his wife.

Another occupation I had also. I invited all those who would, to assemble after our so-called hour of recreation, and I gave them lessons in literature, philosophy, and various subjects for which I did not require books. Many hours of the long, long day wore away in this manner, serving for more purposes than one; for the order and stillness were not the least part of the good which was thus effected. Sometimes I had almost more than I could do; for be it remembered that in Italy, particularly in the Roman States, even men of condition are not often well educated: so that many were glad to receive instruction.

To one of these men I was able to be of some service. A bishop, who was, as usual, the administrator of his heritage, would not reply to his repeated letters for some money to support him better whilst in prison, but had charged him with large sums for expenses, of which there had been none for some time. I gave him proper counsel, and wrote so seriously, that at last he obtained a part of that which was due.

Also the Baron Saberiani, who was in prison for state offences, complained of the unfaithfulness of his brother, who was President of the Chief Tribunal of Benevento. The Baron, whilst he was in prison, suffered much from ill health. It was really a dreadful sight to see this unfortunate man. He became so emaciated through suffering and miserable food, his health being very bad, that it was indeed a sorry sight to look upon him. Upon meeting him, I would say, "Well, Baron, are you feeling better to-day?" All the reply I received was the eyes and shoulders thrown up in true Neapolitan fashion, and a sound more like a gasp than a sigh. He wrote to his brother the President the letter which I dictated, by the permission of the Sacra Consulta, after which, the before-named brother sent a small sum of money, promising to make the desired division of the property. At last the health of this oppressed man gave way, and he became an inmate of the prison infirmary. A few days afterwards I heard, to my great distress, that he was dead. Yes, dead; and I firmly believe that the life of the Baron was cut short by poison. The chief of the prison infirmary was the person responsible for this fearful act. The cooks and guardians of the infirmary of Paliano are all thieves and assassins, either under sentence or waiting for trial. Poor Saberiani! had the Sacra Consulta done

what their office entails upon them, and fulfilled its "sacred" trust, which is especially to take cognizance of those prisoners whose property is not all confiscate, you, poor friend, would have had the means to repair your shattered health, and not fallen a victim at the age of fifty-two.

Another of the prisoners who died suddenly I must speak of. He was a clerk in the General Post Office in Rome; he was suddenly seized, poor fellow, whilst performing his duty, upon suspicion of favouring the correspondence of Mazzini and another person in Rome. Not being able to prove his guilt, they kept him in prison month after month, and afterwards condemned him to the galleys. Every day he became more and more miserable and heart-broken, until one day, as we were walking in the little ground which was sometimes our promenade, he suddenly fainted, from which swoon he never awoke; for after he was carried into his cell, his earthly troubles in a few moments had ceased. Indeed, many died, and no one could tell of what disorder.

We were allowed one bajocco per day, which was given to us as payment for forming a very hard stubble into a kind of rope. But the dust of this stubble was so dreadful, that it filled our throats and lungs so much, that many became ill. We represented this to the physician, and he confirmed the fact; and so, what would no doubt have become a general illness was stayed, as also our bajocco. This, however, was not of much consequence, for all we had with this little money was a few apples, or figs, so bad that they were only fit to throw to pigs. I look back and wonder how our lives were sustained with such dreadful food, and always the same—black bread and "soup" like warm greasy water; but He who fits the back to the burden sustained us.

During the night, when repose on that dreadful bed was impossible, I used to endeavour to smother my thoughts, and sometimes amuse my companions by relating anecdotes relating to my experience as a judge, trying to make these stories useful, as teaching to bear and forbear. I also had undertaken correspondence for those who were allowed, for all came to me to write for them. Some received letters which would serve to relieve their minds, because the news told of good health, and of a hope of being again united. To others came news of illness, or death in their families. How these letters affected my heart I cannot tell; for I rejoiced as much as I could with those who rejoiced, but I shed bitter tears with those who wept, and it seemed like a sort of foreknowledge; for I did not know that I had lost wife, father, and a dearly loved little boy, until after my liberation; which was a great mercy, for I think, with those walls encompassing me, I should have died. I have reason to know that some of these, my fellow sufferers, are to this hour detained in that terrible prison. I have tried to do something towards their liberation, making known also to the Government of Piedmont, that they, being in possession now of the greater part of those provinces which were subject to the Pope, the government can with reason take up the cause of these still detained, because they belong by birth to places now belonging to the kingdom of Italy. I should be glad indeed to know the fate of one stout brave heart, the agent of the Princess Lancelotti, a kindly person and true, who, when I was about to leave the fortress some time after, and hearing that I was obliged to pay my own expenses, pressed into my hand a number of crowns, which he had contrived to retain in his possession—a loan which was indeed useful to me; for, be it remembered, my property was and is in the hands of the Austrian Government.

Varieties.

ANDAMAN ISLANDERS.—They may truly be termed pygmies or dwarfs, being on an average, when fully grown, only four feet five inches in height, and weighing about 76 lb. They are certainly a most ugly race, jet black; and though not covered entirely with red hair, as stated by Sindbad, they paint themselves all over with a mixture made of oil and red ochre. Their agility and nimbleness are incredible—their swiftness of foot surpassing belief; whilst their hostility to strangers is affirmed by all who have ventured on their shores, (in the Bay of Bengal). "As the cutters neared the part of the shore where they had stationed themselves," says Dr. Mouat, "and they clearly perceived that we were making preparations to land, their excitement was such that they appeared as if they had suddenly become frantic. Their manner was that of men determined and formidable in the midst of all their excitement. They brandished their bows in our direction, they menaced us with their arrows, said by common report—so often a liar—to be poisoned, exhibiting by yells and every possible contortion of savage pantomime their hostile determination. To use a common vulgar expression of some of the seamen, they seemed to have made their minds up to 'chaw us all up.' One man, who stood prominently out from the others, and who seemed to direct their movements, was, to the best of our judgment, their chief. The spear which he flourished incessantly was terminated by a bright, flat, pointed head, which gleamed with flashes of light, as, circling rapidly in the air, it reflected the rays of the sun. Sometimes he would hold it aloft, poising it in his uplifted hand, as if with the intention of hurling it with unerring and deadly aim at the first who dared to approach the shore of his native island. At length, in a paroxysm of well-acted fury, he dashed boldly into the water, boiling and seething around him as it broke in great billows on the beach, and on the rocks by which it was defended, and fixing an arrow in his bow he shot it off in the direction of the steamer, as if that were the arch-enemy that had provoked his bellicose fury."—Dr. Mouat's "Andaman Islanders."

AUSTRIAN EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.—A curious catalogue has lately been issued by the Austrian Ministry of Public Instruction—viz., the official index of all the books used in the primary and secondary schools throughout the empire. The little work is interesting ethnographically, linguistically, palaeographically, and otherwise. We find school-books in German, Polish, Italian, Bohemian, Ruthenian, Magyar, Croatian, Serbian, Slavonian, Rumanian—even in Hebrew. The most numerous are the German, Italian, and Polish or Slavonian. The Croatian (Illyrian or Dalmatian) is printed in Roman characters: the Ruthenian in peculiar characters, resembling Greek or the ancient Slavonian (Cyrillic). The Serbian is in slightly modified Russian characters; Magyar, Rumanian, Polish, Bohemian, Slavonian, are in common Roman type. The books are all issued by the Imperial Vienna Printing-office; and, respecting their choice, they are all that can be expected. The paper is of a maize fabric of a somewhat yellowish tint, which is far less fatiguing to the eye than our ordinary rag-paper.

WINDOW GARDENING.—Much may be done for the lovers of flowers in this department, both inside and out. Some persons think that flowers placed in rooms are unwholesome; this may apply to those plucked and put in water, as they quickly decay, and doubtless give out an unwholesome air; but when alive and growing there need not be any danger apprehended from them, provided the window be frequently opened. For spacious rooms the better kinds are those which have large foliage; these have a very agreeable effect on the senses; their rich green is grateful to the sight. Of this kind the India Rubber (*Ficus elasticus*) is remarkably well adapted; its beautiful foliage should be occasionally sponged, for by so doing all dust is removed, and the plants kept in a healthy condition. The common Begonia makes a beautiful window plant, and is remarkable for its beautiful foliage, and is cultivated without difficulty from seed or cuttings. A very interesting and pleasing collection of Ferns may be grown under glasses or in Wardian cases, even in the most confined situation. They can be grown for years in the same pans and under the same glasses, merely taking out the top soil and replacing it with fresh in the spring. The Drooping Saxifrage, or Mother of Thousands, is a very pleasing plant during summer, suspended inside the window. Another very old and useful plant for confined situations is the Teucrium, commonly called the Nettle Geranium.

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